

The Florida/Hollywood Mob Connection, the CIA and O.J. Simpson

by
Alex Constantine

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The Constantine Report

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I : Pizza Drippings on the Courtroom Floor

The shadow of Joey Ippolito falls across the courtroom, seeps into every crack in the Simpson case.

Yet his name is seldom mentioned.

His father, Joseph Ippolito, Sr., was in the pay of the syndicate's Meyer Lansky, and a "soldier" of Sam "the Plumber" DeCalvacante, who brought Joey into the league. "Little Man" Lansky, of course, was no homunculus. He led the mob into an alliance with the intelligence sector of government in WW II, and loomed above much of the Combination until his death in 1983. Today, Lansky's foot soldiers march in step with Langley. CIA denials have been scuffed by too many tongues over the years to be taken seriously (Campbell, Hoch, Pizzo, et al.).

Joey Ip's Murder, Inc. — Joey Ippolito is second generation mafia, one of several powerful successors of Meyer Lansky. He was born to a brood of nine children. Joey's brother Frankie perished of a heart attack unloading a crate of marijuana from an Eastern Airlines plane in New Jersey. His brother Louie is a convict (Burdick).

Ippolito's influence in the Combination is felt from Philadelphia to Dade County, Florida to Southern California. A former speedboat racer, he headed for California in 1988 after completing a 40-month prison sentence for marijuana smuggling. He opened, without flourish, Cent'Anni, a fashionable Italian restaurant in Malibu, and distributed cocaine in Santa Monica and Brentwood (Anastasia & Jennings).

The LAPD enjoys publicizing its efforts to frustrate the attempts of organized crime to gain "a foothold" in Los Angeles (a

Hooverism, since the Mafia established roots in Southern California decades ago). The Organized Crime Intelligence Division (OCID) even maintains a squad of operatives at L.A. International Airport to intercept incoming mob figures at the turnstile and send them packing (Lieberman).

Presumably, Ippolito slipped into town without drawing the attention of the OCID.

Another explanation, of course, is that certain Mafia figures are permitted to thrive in L.A. There is even a question as to whether the OCID gives a fig about organized crime. The division evolved from a unit called the Political Disorder Intelligence Division, and retired OCID detective Mike Rothmiller maintains that the priority is still politics, not the Mafia. The division, to be sure, kept no files on organized crime at the time of Rothmiller's resignation, but did target liberal activists for surveillance, spied on police in other departments, harassed opponents of former police chief Daryl Gates and performed local services for the CIA (Rothmiller & Goldman).

Among Ippolito's distributors was bodybuilder Rod Columbo, his life ended with three shots to the back of the head on January 7, 1992. Columbo himself had been the leading suspect in the murder of cocaine dealer Rene Vega in 1989. He worked in Malibu at Cent'Anni until the restaurant folded in 1991. At this time Columbo began to travel extensively. His body was found slumped over the wheel of a 1984 Cadillac in southern New Jersey. LAPD Detective Lee Kingsford told reporters that the West Coast consensus was that the murder had been drug related.

A few months before the Columbo killing, Ippolito fell under the scrutiny of Los Angeles police. The timely death of a leading distributor eased his legal difficulties considerably.

Dante's Circle of Ippolito associates is not a lonely place.

Another ranking member of the Ippolito syndicate on this plane was John Steele, formerly the mayor of Hallendale, Florida. Mayor Steele once placed a police station at the subdivision where Meyer Lansky lived, at the gangster's request. (Burdick). Joey Ippolito, who also lived in the high-security subdivision, was arrested in Long Island in the early '80s with a dozen other marijuana smugglers running eight tons of cannabis from a ship anchored offshore (Burdick).

Another cog in Joey's dope machine was Donald Aronow, a friend of George Bush and designer of the famous Cigarette speed boat, a high-speed favorite of cocaine runners everywhere. Aronow, a wealthy Casanova with more testosterone in his blood than Ernest Hemingway, built speedboats for the Shah of Iran, Charles Keating (convicted of securities fraud in 1991 in a case prosecuted by William Hodgman, a trial strategist in the Simpson case — he failed to mention for the record that Keating had extensive ties to the CIA and Mafia. The judge in the Keating case was Lance Ito.) and Robert Vesco, among other financial outlaws (Burdick).

Aronow was gunned down in his parking lot on February 3, 1987. Throughout the week prior to the fatal ambush, Aronow held a series of lengthy telephone conversations with George Bush (Burdick). It was rumored around Miami that Aronow, who'd recently been questioned by the authorities about cocaine trafficking, intended to talk. A subpoena was to be served on him the day after the shooting.

Joey Ip once broke parole after an eight-year prison term to visit actor James Caan of Godfather fame in L.A. The actor was also friendly with Ben Kramer, the convicted L.A. casino owner and marijuana smuggler. Kramer is married to Meyer Lansky's niece (Burdick).

The syndicate lurking behind the O.J. Simpson case is a small cast of characters.

To illustrate: James Caan was a regular at exclusive Turnberry Island, Florida's Bacchanalian playground for rich men with excess testosterone. Turnberry Island is the Floridian stomping ground of Robert Evans, once Denise Brown's paramour. (He still hangs fondly on erotic memories elicited by the photo of Denise he still hangs on his wall.)

Bill Mentzer and Alex Marti, convicted killers of fledgling Hollywood producer Roy Radin, accused Evans from the witness stand of complicity in the murder. Evans was subpoenaed. He pled the Fifth and was sent home.

In the early '70s, Evans, according to author Maury Terry in *The Ultimate Evil*, gave orders to the "Son of Sam cult" in New York. Bill Mentzer, a cocaine courier, bodybuilder and hit man, belonged to the Sams and took part in the killings attributed to David Berkowitz, who "heard voices" commanding him to kill. Alex Marti once ran with an Argentine death squad. He opened a private investigation service in Los Angeles and employed the late Rod Columbo before the bodybuilder and cocaine distributor went to work for Joey Ippolito, another regular at Turnberry Island and James Caan's best pal.

Other regulars at Turnberry: Jack Nicholson and Tommy Lasorda. Statuesque hostesses, employed by Don Soffer, the resort's developer, have included model Donna Rice, Lyn Armandt (the wife of a Miami drug dealer alleged to be a friend of Lansky's great-nephew Ben Kramer — her phone call to the *Miami Herald* finished Gary Hart's presidential ambitions), and a clutch of heartbreakingly beautiful hookers with backgrounds in CIA blackmail operations.

On the afternoon Donald Aronow was gunned down, his buddy Soffer received a phone call at Turnberry's central office, informing him: "You're next" (Burdick).

II: Lansky's Migratory Birds of Prey

"It seems like all the LCN (La Cosa Nostra) drug interests are interconnected," I suggest. "I'm thinking that you just chopped off one arm of an enormous octopus."

(Assistant U.S. Attorney Bill Norris) nods. "That's usually what we do," he says in a somewhat resigned tone. "And it turns out to be more like one arm of a starfish, so it regenerates."

—Thomas Burdick,
Bluer Thunder

Meyer Lansky's attorney Mel Kessler was a suspect in the investigation of Joey Ippolito's drug smuggling venture. Kessler is suspected of being the "brains" of the operation (Burdick). Hollywood, Florida vice squad officials suspect Kessler arranged the shipment of 200 kilos of cocaine from Bolivia and was involved in a smuggling operation based in San Juan, Puerto Rico, with stopovers in the Caribbean. Telephone records revealed that Ben Kramer, from the Bicycle Club in Bell Gardens, California, consulted with Kessler almost daily (Burdick). Kessler has also been linked with "Little Ray" Thompson, another Lansky associate, indicted for drug smuggling with Steadman Stahl, a Dade County judge groomed for the post by state prosecutor Richard "Bad Eye" Gerstein, a former Watergate investigator who doubled as Kramer's attorney. He lived in Meyer Lansky's back pocket. Gerstein was elected in 1956 to the first of six terms as state attorney, generally

considered to be the second most powerful office in Florida, after the Governor's (Myers). He was the most popular prosecutor in Dade County history.

1: F. Lee Bailey, "Bad Eye" Gerstein and BCCI —

In 1982, Dick Gerstein was investigated, but not indicted, after accepting drug money intended for laundering in Panama.

He has long been a coeval of F. Lee Bailey. In fact, O.J. Simpson's celebrated attorney hung a shingle in Florida with him, Bailey, Gerstein, Carhart, Rushkind, Dreskick & Rippingille. At the time of his migration to Florida, Bailey represented the families of the passengers of Korean Airlines Flight 007, downed by the Soviets in 1983, in a wrongful death suit. A few years later, the families' steering committee sued Bailey himself for misrepresentation after making "a personal pledge" in his letter of acceptance to "work full-time as required" on the case. In five years, Bailey clocked a mere 97 hours on pretrial preparation, compared with 6,311 hours put in by the two other law firms retained by the families. In a court brief, Bailey cited the move to Florida, allowing his wife Patricia to be near her "ailing parents," as his rationale for not assisting the families he'd been hired to represent — although he had no qualms about charging full-time legal fees. In 1993 a federal court in Washington ordered Bailey to return a share of his income to the families (Felsenthal).

Bailey and Gerstein were the directors of CenTrust Federal Savings Bank, a failed satellite of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), the CIA's money laundering facility (Truell & Gurwin, Bender suit). A major share in CenTrust was secretly owned by BCCI — in fact, a full quarter of the bank's shares were snapped up by Saudi tycoon Ghaith Pharaon, a BCCI front man

who maintained daily contact with CenTrust President David Paul between 1984 and 1988, when the S&L was declared insolvent (Truell & Gurwin), and Paul was convicted on 68 charges of bank fraud to a maximum prison term of five years. Paul's financial strategies included illegal bond deals with Charles Keating and false entries in the bank's accounting books (*NYT*, 11-25-93).

CenTrust Savings, the largest thrift in Florida, made handsome contributions to the campaign funds of several Congressmen, notably Joseph Biden (Truell and Gurvin) and Newt Gingrich (FEC Report). When the bank defaulted, taxpayers were saddled with \$2-billion in debts (Truell & Gurwin). The co-trustee named in lawsuits filed against CenTrust was Citibank, chaired by the CIA's John Reed (Thompson & Kanigher).

F. Lee Bailey was Dick Gerstein's legal and business partner. Gerstein died of a "heart attack" in 1992 .

But the Syndicate never wanders far from the Simpson Case. Simpson's well-connected attorney brought in a retired New York investigator, John E. McNally, to investigate the Bundy murders. McNally, the *Los Angeles Times* reported, was, in 1989, accused by federal investigators "of being part of the 'security department' of Gene Gotti, the younger brother of notorious mobster John Gotti." Prosecutors in New York believe he screened prospective employees for the Mafia (Newton). Also hired to look into the case on behalf of the defense was Pat McKenna, a Palm Beach investigator and a veteran of the William Kennedy Smith rape case.

2: Joey Ip's Nubian Wiseguys and Denise Simpson, the Grieving Gunsel — Nicole Simpson's sister, Denise Brown, was squired about L.A. for several years by an Ippolito recruit: when Joey was arrested, police questioned his

bodyguard and chauffeur, A.C. Cowlings, who was visiting the mobster when police entered his residence (Harrell).

Ippolito's roommate, Ronnie Lorenzo, was the owner of a chic Malibu restaurant called Splash, and a fraternal member of the Bonnano crime family, a perennial target of organized crime probes. Kidnap and extortion were two of many charges filed against Lorenzo. James Caan offered his home as collateral toward the \$2-million bail and appeared as a character witness for his "dear friend" (Lieberman, Connolly). The narco-restaurateurs were both sentenced to ten years hard time for distributing cocaine in Santa Monica and *Brentwood*. Joey Ip skirted sentencing, escaped, became a fugitive — one month before the brutal murders in Brentwood (Harrell).

What does Ippolito know of the killings?

Someone besides her husband had taken an intense interest in Nicole.

O.J. Simpson consort Paula Barbieri's Toyota 4 X 4 was stolen from a Beverly Hills parking lot on January 24, 1994. The Toyota was used to follow Simpson's estranged wife. Police in Newport Beach recovered the car after it was involved in a traffic accident a week later and arrested one William Wasz, who insisted he was unaware that Barbieri owned the vehicle.

Simpson, Wasz said, did not hire him. He refused to divulge the identity of the mystery man who did.

Inside the vehicle was found a 3"x 5" notebook with scribbled references to two weapons, including a 9mm pistol. The first page mentions "Nicole's sched." The notations make reference to "the Gym ... Westwood, and at 11:00," Nicole's stop at "Litchfield Toys, Westwood." At "12:00 noon," she goes to "Tony Roma's Ventura Blvd. Encino." The note ends with "9 P Viper Room W.H." (Tinney)

A gun and a crack pipe were also found in the stolen Toyota.

Nicole Simpson had apparently been someone's obsession. Allegations have also been made that Anthony Pellicano, a veteran military-intelligence officer and so-called "Gumshoe to the Stars," had staked out Nicole's house. Pellicano has more mob connections than J. Edgar Hoover. He was hired by Howard Weitzman in the John DeLorean case, his first assignment upon moving to Los Angeles in 1983 . In 1976 he resigned under fire from the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission after local newspapers publicized the \$30,000 loan he'd received from Paul "the Waiter" Ricca, the son of mob boss Paul de Lucia — the Godfather of Pellicano's daughter. He was credited as technical adviser in the making of "The Firm" (Hubler & Bates). Pellicano provided an inventive but ultimately unconvincing alibi for Michael Jackson — of child-molestation and Nazi video fame — with the "frame-up" plea.

Since the start of the Simpson trial, Denise Brown has been the smiling paramour of Tony "the Animal" Fiato, a marmoset-eyed mob enforcer and FBI informant in a probe of the murder of Hollywood's Frank Cristi, another actor with a Godfather credit. Currently assigned to the "elite" LAPD Homicide Special Section (Van Derbeken and Hardy.) The lead investigator of the Cristi murder case was Detective Tom Lange, a Florida veteran of the Marine Corps and Vietnam. (Lange, of course, was also assigned, with Detective Philip Vanatter, to the Simpson case.) Tony Fiato's testimony was directed at Norman Freeberg, who attempted to hire Fiato on the contract. Fiato rejected the offer. Two alleged collaborators were indicted and await trial.

On March 23, 1995 the *San Francisco Examiner* broke ranks with the American media machine and noticed Ms. Brown's new boyfriend:

Two convicted murderers filed for retrial Wednesday because Anthony Fiato, a key prosecution witness and shadowy mob informer, emerged from hiding in a public relationship with Nicole Brown Simpson's sister. The Superior Court retrial motion was filed by attorney Barry Levin on behalf of Ronald Coe and Alan Betts, who were convicted Feb. 3 of killing tough-guy actor Frank Cristi in a murder-for-hire scheme.... Prosecutors told jurors that Norman Freedberg hired Coe, Betts and Harvey Rosenberg to kill Cristi because of a dispute over a woman.

Defense lawyers were blocked from delving into Fiato's background because prosecutors said revealing his whereabouts would endanger the federally protected witness. Photographs of Fiato and Denise Brown have appeared recently in newspapers and supermarket tabloids.

Ippolito recruited Cowlings because he was Simpson's chum. The mobster considered O.J. a sterling source for inside information on the football industry, enhancing his stake in the gambling pools, according to tabloid profiles (commended by the stodgy *New York Times* for their accuracy).

That Simpson and Cowlings had more in common with Ippolito than point spreads became evident with the arrest of Tracey Alice Hill, alias Amanda Armstrong, a 32-year-old stripper from Santa Monica, in February, 1995. Hill was nabbed by police in Dunsmuir, a small town in northern California, with a suitcase containing 40 pounds of cocaine. Police also found a vial of pills in her purse prescribed to Al Cowlings. Donald Re, his attorney (a former law partner of Howard Weitzman) denied any connection to Ms. Hill, but the *Contra Costa Times* reported that Hill's computerized address book listed the telephone numbers of both Cowlings and Simpson (AP, 3-25-95).

The accused has been involved with the mob since his glory days as running back for the Buffalo Bills. Simpson also ran with a real estate swindler in Florida with Combination affiliations.

The *Globe* tabloid reported in March, 1995 that one of his syndicate friends back in Buffalo, Casimir "Butch Casey" Sucharski, visited O.J. in Brentwood a few weeks before the Bundy murders. Sucharski himself and two women were shot repeatedly in the head and neck in Miramar, Florida — two weeks after Nicole Brown-Simpson and Ron Goldman were attacked.

Eerily enough, other Southern California murder cases are linked to the Simpson debacle, including the March 19, 1995 murder of O.J.'s friend, record company promoter Charles Minor in Malibu, California, Ippolito's stomping grounds. Suzette McClure, Minor's girlfriend, was charged with the murder. Simpson's attorney Robert Shapiro attended the wake (Haring).

Yet another death scream resonating with Nicole's belonged to Brett Cantor, the owner of a Hollywood nightclub called the Dragonfly. Nicole and Ron Goldman were regulars at the club. Cantor was murdered on July 30, 1993 in a vicious knife attack nearly identical to the one that dispatched Goldman. The club owner, too, had been cut from behind. The killer started on the lower left side of the neck, drew upward and away to the right. Both Goldman and Cantor were stabbed repeatedly on the arms and chest. In both cases, the knife had a long but thin blade. At one point, Shapiro planned to argue that the same killer was responsible for the bloody melee on Bundy, but the LAPD insisted (with psychic certainty) that there was no connection between the two cases (LaFontaine).

The syndicate has been a quiet participant in the Simpson case since the opening knock of the gavel. Howard Weitzman, the first

attorney to speak for Simpson, studied white-collar crime in law school. He represented Tom Dragna, a racketeer, in 1980. Three years later he lost a vigorous defense of Barbara Mouzin, currently serving a 25-year prison term for her role in the Grandma Mafia cocaine-trafficking case. Weitzman's client roster includes "conservative" S&L stinkbug Charles Keating, John DeLorean, Marvin Mitchelson, Michael Jackson (who once left a party attended by Robert Shapiro after he'd received a call that his brother Tito's ex-wife, who loathed swimming, had been found dead at the bottom of a pool, with bruises on her body — the coroner ruled that she'd drowned), and rock geek Ozzy Osbourne (West). The grizzled Hollywood lawyer's bona fides also include a stint as lecturer at Georgetown Law Center, long a haunt of the CIA.

3: The Rumor and the Phoenix — After the Bundy murders, a rumor commenced to circulate in Beverly Hills night spots. Rumors may be unreliable, but this particular one explains more than than the average mass-media courtroom glossover, and pulls together significant loose ends.

Simpson and his estranged wife were immersed in the adrenal world of Joey Ip and the Combination. The rumor accounts for motive, is correct in essential details, and fills some gaps in the trial testimony regarding Simpson's secret life.

Word was that O.J. Simpson had financed a wholesale cocaine distributorship employing a network of Fast Eddies and aspiring celebs on the Hollywood fringe. It is said that suppliers (Messrs. Ippolito and Lorenzo?) entrusted him, over a period of several months, with a sizable quantity of cocaine, on credit. Simpson, already struggling with past debts, was financially stressed by divorce costs, and Nicole was not exactly the thriftiest of wives with

her designer wardrobe and jet-set vacations....

Barry Hoestler, a private investigator hired for the Simpson case by Robert Shapiro, contended that Nicole entertained the notion of becoming financially independent by opening a restaurant with Ron Goldman as her partner, and financing it with cocaine profits (Frost). Hoestler also said that Nicole and her friends were "over their heads with some dope dealers."

As one Beverly Hills observer put it, Simpson and his circle were under intense pressure, but optimistic, entering "a tough street business, fueled by a jolt of the goods from time to time."

The Rumor did not deign to mention that Joey Ippolito was also under pressure — from the LAPD. But not the local press gang. Joey's very existence was obscure. He was a deep embarrassment to the Hollywood establishment, built as it is on a foundation of images, and his legal troubles received nominal press coverage. Joey was, before he skipped bail, facing a stiff prison sentence on his second major drug arrest. Simpson's inability to make good on cocaine debts, run up largely by Nicole's circle, was not viewed lightly.

When Simpson's suppliers insisted on payment, Nicole Brown-Simpson and friends suddenly found reasons to leave town. The rumor also suggests that from the start his suppliers considered Simpson a patsy. His suppliers were attempting to control him by controlling his finances. This was done by manipulating the habits of Nicole's circle. He attempted to patch up the marriage and failed.

"Simpson wanted her to straighten up and come home," an adherent to the rumor maintains. "Unfortunately for her, O.J. was not in the mood to pick up her 'bar bills' while some young stud was driving the Mercedes he bought for her. He told her that explicitly. O.J. had his own financial setbacks and was working his tail off,

even making a humiliating exercise video to raise cash. He refused to pay for the wholesale purchases she and her friends made for their new ‘business’ venture. When O.J. was threatened by her “bill collector,” he balked because it was not the debt he agreed to back, and it was more than he could raise.”

Simpson’s debtors did not buy his excuses. He went to Chicago to pay a call on “the man who’s Family, even though not in Los Angeles, has always been the ‘patron saint’ of a particular part of the movie industry. The people in Chicago tried to step in. They asked for a meeting, but it’s a new Family that owns the streets of Los Angeles these days. That only made it worse, because the L.A. boys took the interference as an insult. They’ve been beating the Chicago crowd for years, even in South Chicago and all over Indiana, where they have spread their operation.”

Nicole Brown-Simpson was living precariously. Her best friend was a cocaine addict. Next door, when she lived about a mile away on Gretna Green Way, lived Carl Colby — son of William Colby, former CIA director and guiding force of the PHOENIX program, the notorious mass-murder operation in Vietnam that targeted suspected and potential Vietcong collaborators in the South. Carl’s sister starved herself to death. A rumor circulates that she slowly dwindled away to protest her father’s role in the war, according to David Corn in *The Blond Ghost* (1995.) .

Colby’s wife, Catherine Boe, took the stand first to testify that she’d often heard O.J. Simpson, at the time of his separation from Nicole in early ’92, argue with her about their respective sex lives. Nicole, she said, “was upset about his womanizing.” O.J. fumed that Keith Zlombowitch, the Mezzaluna manager, had been sleeping at Nicole’s in a spare bedroom.

Repeatedly, Mrs. Colby — who asked to be addressed as “Miss

Boe" (possibly to allay any association with the CIA) continued to answer the prosecution's questions after Shapiro and Cochran raised objections.

Glaring, Shapiro barked for a sidebar conference:

Shapiro: Your honor ... we have no discovery on this. I have called this lady and asked to talk to her and she refused to talk to us.

Darden: You just really never know what you are going to get from Mrs. Colby,

Cochran: It might be helpful if you talked to her.

Darden: I have, but I believe she is going to testify that...

Cochran: She is an ALIEN from another planet!

The *Los Angeles Times* (2-4-95) reported that Carl Colby's testimony at the preliminary hearing was "disjointed and confused." Colby testified that he spied (sic) a "suspicious man" outside his house one evening in 1992. It was Simpson. Colby called police "because he found it odd that a person of Simpson's *description* was in the neighborhood at that hour. As he said that, a black alternate juror rolled his eyes toward the ceiling, and another alternate, also black, chuckled to herself." The *Times* did not find it worth mentioning that Nicole happened to live next to the son of a necrotizing CIA official.

Nicole Brown-Simpson had been tethered to her husband throughout her adult life. She feared her husband's periodic rages. He followed her everywhere ("Oh my God, it's O.J!") and knew her whereabouts at all times. She had escaped a suffocating marriage. Her newfound freedom was exhilarating.

Why glance back?

III: The Catspaw Precursor — A Mirror Image of the Simpson Case

Because the Simpson case is a carefully-concerted re-creation of another double-murder: Before the legal throes of O.J. Simpson, there was Murray Gold.

The Brentwood slaughter was foreshadowed in September, 1974 when 71-year-old Irving Pasternak and his wife Rhoda were brutally stabbed to death in Waterbury, Connecticut. All in a few moments. There were no witnesses.

Mr. Pasternak, before his retirement, was legal counsel to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), a Hollywood labor union once run by Pat Casey, an "undercover agent" of mob boss Johnny Rosselli (Moldea). (Already the Catspaw case has struck familiar territory: Murderville).

Rosselli, like Lansky, had one foot in the underworld, the other in Langley, Virginia. He was, by his own testimony before the Church Committee in 1974, once handed a CIA contract on the lives of Fidel Castro, Che Guevara and other Latin American rebels. Rosselli went on to link Las Vegas casino interests with Howard Hughes, Moe Dalitz and Jimmy Hoffa (Kohn).

John Rosselli was, like Meyer Lansky, an asset of the Combination, by his own admission before Church Committee on Assassinations. Charles Rappleye, in his biography of Rosselli, describes the gangster's initial appearance as Congress attempted to unravel criminal interconnections of the Watergate debacle:

Hoping to get to the bottom of the Nixon administration burglaries, the Watergate prosecutors turned to John Rosselli. Leslie Scherr, the Washington, D.C. attorney who appeared with Rosselli at the closed hearing, recalled, "It was so convoluted, you really had

to be John Le Carre' to follow it." But judging from the questions posed to Rosselli, Scherr said, the prosecutors felt that "the reason why the break-in occurred at the Democratic Party headquarters was because Nixon or somebody in the Republican Party suspected the Democrats had information as to Nixon's involvement with the CIA's original contract with Rosselli" (Rappeleye & Becker).

In July, 1976 his dismembered body was found — shortly after his Congressional appearance — stuffed into a 55-gallon oil drum, bobbing in the intercoastal waters of Biscayne Bay, off Miami, near Donald Aronow's speedboat factory.

Lansky and Aronow were both questioned by police about the murder (Burdick,).

The indictment of Murray Gold, a Jewish survivor of the Holocaust and former son-in-law of the Pasternaks, hung entirely on circumstantial evidence. There was, for one thing, the telltale *slash on the index finger* of Gold's left hand. The prosecution made a fuss over the finger. They argued in court that Gold had injured himself in the course of dispatching the Pasternaks. His defense team — an assemblage of world famous attorneys, soon to include F. Lee Bailey — ushered to the stand an expert witness who testified that it was improbable a slasher could frenetically wound his victims and stab himself without inflicting more damage than a minor flesh wound.

Witnesses passing the Pasternak home the night of the murders gave police a description bearing no resemblance to Murray Gold.

Bruce Sanford, a friend of the Pasternak's daughter who enjoyed sleeping in graveyards, fit the description in all particulars. Sanford was known to wear Catspaw boots consistent with the feral heelprints stamped in the blood of the Pasternaks. Sanford had a long, sordid criminal history: a heroin addict, he once attempted

suicide by eating glass, admired Charles Manson and belonged to a motorcycle gang called the "Peddlers of Death." On two occasions he openly confessed to friends of committing the murders, yet Waterbury authorities covered for him, at one point going so far as to testify in the courtroom that Sanford had been cabbaged away in a jail cell the night of the murders when, the defense learned, he hadn't.

Yet the name Sanford did not turn up on the list of suspects because on December 12, 1974 he "*cut his own throat*" — Murray Gold argued that police and prosecutors had set him up and were deliberately overlooking Sanford's guilt to win a false conviction.

The prosecution dogged Murray Gold through five murder trials before a guilty verdict was finally handed down — ten years after the crime took place.

On the jury sat a secretary for the Attorney General of Connecticut (the same department that indicted Gold), a woman with two first cousins on the police force, another who admitted upon questioning to have "extensive contact" with the police, a juror who spent "23 years in government service," an employee of a state agency, and an alternate with a son employed as a "corrections officer."

Yet Gold's claim that he was the target of a police conspiracy was lightly dismissed by the state's prosecutrix, Marcia Smith, as so much paranoid invention.

The jury found him guilty of the murders, but at a post-trial hearing the verdict was set aside with a finding that Gold was mentally crippled — that an irrational fear of courtroom "conspiracies" had decimated his sanity. The judge concluded that he was entitled to a sixth trial. In the meantime, evidence that Sanford committed the murders mounted. Gold was released after a defense argument about suppressed evidence at the post-trial hearing.

IV: A Killer's Brain Frequencies and a Few Words Words about CIA/Mafia Clean-Up Operations

Gold was not the slasher — But he was an ideal cutout for a Combination wet job. Gold once held a top-security position at Grumman Aerospace. He had worked on secret defense projects. He had access to classified records (Nizer). Grumman's personnel office kept a comprehensive file on Gold. His history would be an open book to any intelligence operative — including the period when he was incarcerated at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, where he received shock treatments for depression.

Mount Sinai shares with other leading hospitals around the country the distinction of employing psychiatrists moonlighting in the grim netherworld of CIA mind control. Dr. Harold Abramson (hand-picked for the sensitive mind control program by Sidney Gottlieb of the CIA's Technical Services Division) conducted LSD research at Mount Sinai — unusual in itself because Abramson had no formal training in psychiatry (Marks). His research was funded by the Macy Foundation, a CIA shell (Marks). Abramson is best known as biochemical warfare specialist Frank Olson's therapist — before the most famous of the CIA's mind control subjects plummeted from a tenth-floor office window.

At Mount Sinai, too, the Agency would have easy access to detailed information concerning Murray Gold. His professional and psychiatric profile spelled p-a-t-s-y.

Twenty-one years later, a mythic Heisman Trophy winner was manipulated into a reprise of the Gold case. Like Murray Gold, he cut his finger at the time of the killings, possibly the result of a post-hypnotic or, more likely these days, remote telemetric signal.

"Simpson," says a clinical psychologist in Encino, California who specializes in treating mind control victims, "is a multiple personality — I suspect he's a programmed multiple." She arrived at this conclusion after interviewing a psychologist who'd counseled Nicole Simpson. (Possibly relevant is the fact that O.J. Simpson's mother worked for a mental hospital in San Francisco for 30 years. As it happens, most of Jim Jones' flock were culled from San Francisco mental hospitals.)

The hidden presence of CIA mind control in the case would explain the break-in at the office of Dr. Ameli and other therapists retained to temper the emotional aches of the Simpson crowd.

A chilling indication that the CIA's mind control fraternity exercised a hidden influence on the trial was the breakdown of juror Tracy Hampton in early May, 1995. Before she was released by Judge Ito, Ms. Hampton had been observed sitting motionless in the jury box, staring into space. Other jurors reported that she had taken to gaping for long periods at a blank television screen, apparently comatose. Hampton was removed from the jury on May 3, after complaining to Judge Ito, "I can't take it anymore."

Hard Copy reported that Hampton had been "hearing voices," a detail overlooked in newspaper accounts. The Microwave Mafia has, for at least 20 years, transmitted words to subjects snared for experimentation in mental institutions, prisons and elsewhere. After she was ousted from the courtroom, Hampton tried to commit suicide by *eating glass* — an allusion to the Catspaw case, specifically the attempted self-destruction of suspect Bruce Sanford, who also bolted down a mouthful of glass. Paramedics carried from her home on a stretcher. She was hospitalized.

There has since been no press coverage of her condition.

1: “Sufficient Truth”: Blowback at the LAPD —

There are troubling contradictions, still unexplained, in the Simpson case. The *L.A. Times* reported: “Los Angeles police detectives disregarded state law and their own departmental policy when they waited hours to summon the county coroner.” (Frammolino & Weinstein).

Is Mark Fuhrman a white supremacist? He has been accused at least a half-dozen times of threatening and beating suspects, particularly blacks and Hispanics. Police Watch, a non-profit citizen advocacy group in Los Angeles, has received five complaints against Fuhrman since 1988. “I work with these files every day,” says Police Watch official Michael Salcido, “and I personally handled over a thousand intakes a year and I know no other officer that has five counts against him” (Noble).

Kathleen Bell’s July 19, 1994 letter to Cochran is a consistent step in Fuhrman’s bucolic track record:

I’m writing to you in regards to a story I saw on the news last night. I thought it ridiculous that the Simpson defense team would even suggest that their (sic) might ... be racial motivation involved in the trial against Mr. Simpson. I then glanced up at the television and was quite shocked to see that Officer Ferman (sic) was a man that I had the misfortune of meeting. You may have received a message from your answering service last night that I called to say that Mr. Ferman may be more of a racist than you could even imagine.

Between 1985 and 1986 I worked as a real estate agent in Redondo Beach for Century 21 Bob Maher Realty (now out of business). At the time, my office was located above a Marine recruiting center off of Pacific Coast Highway. On occasion I would stop in to say hello to the two Marines working there. I saw Mr. Ferman there a couple of times. I remember him distinctly because of his height and build.

While speaking to the men I learned that Mr. Ferman was a police officer in Westwood, and I don't know if he was telling the truth, but he said that he had been in a special division of the Marines. I don't know how the subject was raised, but Officer Ferman said that when he sees a "nigger" (as he called it) driving with a white woman, he would pull them over. I asked would he if he didn't have a reason, and he said that he would find one. I looked at the two Marines to see if they knew he was joking, but it became obvious to me that he was very serious.

Officer Ferman went on to say that he would like nothing more than to see all "niggers" gathered together and killed. He said something about burning them or bombing them. I was too shaken to remember the exact words he used, however, I do remember that what he said was probably the most horrible thing I had ever heard someone say. What frightened me even more was that he was a police officer.

I am almost certain that I called the LAPD to complain about Officer Mark Ferman, yet I did not know his last name at the time. I would think that the LAPD has some record of this.

In 1983 the volatile Mark Fuhrman was interviewed by Dr. Ira Brent in lieu of a disability claim for work-related stress. Mark Furhman (alternately spelled Fuhrmann by one supermarket tabloid) confided to Brent that "he 'beat up' on suspects, and that he 'blacked out' and became 'a wild man'" (Noble).

The planned relocation to Sandpoint in the Idaho panhandle was something of an LAPD tradition. So many officers live there, in fact, some residents claim that the LAPD runs the county (Ockenfels).

Richard Butler, founder of the Aryan Nations compound in Hayden Lake, 30 miles south of Sandpoint, told CNN: "He has to be a racist, or he'd stay in Los Angeles." A swastika hovered behind

Butler as he spoke.

"It's hypocritical for them to say they come up here for the birds and bees and trees. If this area was all non-white, you wouldn't find a police officer within a hundred miles of here," the neo-Nazi said.

Aryan Nations also entered the picture when an anonymous caller to the Michael Jackson talk show, aired on KABC-AM in Los Angeles, claimed to have met with "Aryan Nations types" from his past on the Columbian cocaine circuit. The caller said that since serving a stiff prison sentence, he'd straightened out his life, and today runs a local construction company.

He told Jackson he'd overheard his past Nazi cohorts "planning the murder of Nicole Simpson." Jackson, flustered, quickly ditched him, babbling something about crank calls. But without knowing more about the story, Jackson could not have possibly known whether or not the caller was telling the truth or not. Jackson, who hails from South Africa, is presumably not a psychic. He refused to delve into the caller's story, which sounded straightforward enough, if a bit unsteady with nervousness.

KABC, of course, is an affiliate of Cap Cities, a company with a long history of collaboration with the CIA — the media conglomerate, in fact, is a spin-off of the Mary Carter Paint Company, a CIA proprietary closely aligned with the Vatican's Knights of Malta. In the late '60s, the company moved drugs into the U.S., primarily heroin and LSD, and laundered the proceeds through offshore accounts (Kruger). The call to Michael Jackson was broadcast weeks before Mark Fuhrman's famed trip to northern Idaho, the beating heart of Aryan Nations. Fuhrman attacked the reporter who snapped a picture him in transit from Idaho. Still, even with the benefit of hindsight, Jackson refused to entertain the possibility

that the caller he disconnected in a panic was an important eyewitness, one who could have decimated the prosecution's case.

Again, the cast of central participants is a closed community — Denise Brown's attorney is swaggering feminist Gloria Allred, also a KABC talk show host. On the air, Allred has made the Simpson trial her sole subject of discussion, and she has repeatedly declared since the murders that Simpson is guilty. Like Jackson, she is not a psychic. But propagandists are never cursed with doubt. A patsy's guilt is an open book.

The Ippolito circle is chock-a-block with enforcers capable, with an assist from infiltrators in the LAPD, of framing O.J. Simpson.

Frankie Viserto, for example. Viserto was an original member of New York's Purple Gang, an offshoot of the Genovese Family formed in the 1970s, named after the bootleggers of Prohibition-era Detroit. A 1979 file on the Purple Gang prepared by the Florida Department of Law Enforcement notes that they operated "in Florida and may be using this state as a base of operations," and "is committing gangland murders in Florida." At time, the Purple Gang ran the largest heroin smuggling operation in the country.

Viserto, a suspect in the killing of Donald Aronow, is the head of the Purple Gang. He is a terrorist and gun-runner. In the past, he was worked with death squads in Guatemala, traditionally a bailiwick of the CIA — a gun once found at the site of the assassination of a Guatemalan official was traced to Frankie Viserto. The BATF considers him, according to one report, a "significant criminal." Angelo Wedra, a former cellmate, told police in 1977 that Viserto claimed to have killed 15 people. "Wedra learned that Frankie especially enjoyed torturing techniques," according to the report (Burdick).

In the past, Viserto has tormented his victims with knives (Goldman was tortured). He especially enjoys decapitations (Nicole was beheaded).

This is not to pin-point Viserto as the killer. He is known to be close to Joey Ippolito, who slipped away from police a month before the Bundy killings, and is one of a clutch of hit-men who'd be pleased to make a revenge hit for Joey or silence a troublesome witness, a la Nicole Simpson.

For those who refrain, "who else would have killed her?" there are other possibilities.

2: "Evidence of Conspiracy," a thoughtful examination of the case posted on the World Wide Web by a pair of astute college students, raises more nagging questions: "In violation of policy, evidence remained in the processing room for three days before the first piece was booked in the secure ECU (electronic-controlled unit) — seventy to eighty police personnel have keys to the processing room. The evidence remained on a table top, and could be handled by anyone with access. The reckless processing room analysis of the evidence was 50% inconclusive, but still entered by June 15 — in time for the first "summit" case evaluation meeting between prosecutors, serologists and detectives while the blood samples were still unbooked and laying about the evidence processing room."

"The blood drop on Nicole's back gate wondrously appears for collection on July 3, with no photo records of its existence on June 13 or June 14" (better preserved than blood collected near the bodies).

"Possibly significant EDTA (blood preservative) discovery in Nicole blood on O.J.'s sock, as Harmon begrudgingly hinted at a

‘glimmer of hope’ for defense in his typically biased, bonehead, pompom girl manner. (Harmon is the protégé of Judge Lowell Jenson, a central participant in the “Alameda Mafia,” a circle of corrupt, right-wing public officials recruited by the Justice Department in the early 1980s by Edwin Meese, according to Kate Dixon, an attorney with a private practice in Berkeley, California. Jenson was the second-ranking official in the Justice Department under Meese.)

“Racist cop with special animus towards black men with white women. Unexplained DNA mix on steering wheel column: other than O.J., Nicole, or Goldman.

“The suppressed ‘car testimonies’ of Park and Kato suggest unexplained movement of vehicle(s) AFTER O.J. departed for the airport....

“While witnesses are compelled to tell the “whole truth,” the prosecution can only argue “*sufficient* truth.” In that non-intersecting domain between “sufficient truth” and “whole truth” lies an opportunity to establish “sufficient confusion” in a jury, grounded not merely in speculation but also in real facts left unappropriated by a recklessly and smugly contrived theory of the case” (Larson & Wilson).

Was it recklessness that led the LAPD to leak that a “bloody ski-mask” had turned up, and a “blood-stained military-style entrenching tool?” Ten days later, police admitted there was no ski mask, no murder weapon. In the meantime, local propagandists on far-right talk radio had a field day convincing the public that Simpson was guilty.

Convicted felon Marianne Gurchis, prepared to testify she saw four suspicious men walking away from the Nicole Simpson’s town-house, was told by police officers: “We’ve got the case all sewn up.” She called the district attorney’s office. A detective placed her on

hold, said he'd get back to her: "I'm talking to a psychic right now" (Hiscock)."

From the first drop of the gavel, the case was lost in constant bickering and minute analysis of the evidence by attorneys on both sides of the courtroom. Any mention of the Mafia or CIA has been a taboo observed by both sides. Johnnie Cochran could have effortlessly impeached the credibility of Denise Simpson by producing the photo of her beaming from the arm of her beau, the "Animal" (his physical appearance explains the nickname). But, then, any mention of the Ippolito syndicate could conceivably open the door to a melee of accusations and counter-accusations, disrupting Ito's tightly-regimented courtroom.

But if the police had the sole killer already in custody...

Who broke into Robert Shapiro's office, forced open a locked filing cabinet and stole confidential papers related to the case?

Why did Faye Resnick skip town? Despite the controversy over hypnosis as a means of recovering forgotten events, she hired a therapist to use it to help her remember details of her last conversation with Nicole Simpson (Walker).

Who broke into Resnick's apartment to appropriate documents and photographs that could link her to the Simpsons?

Who left death threats for Ron Goldman's therapist, Dr. Jennifer Ameli, on her answering machine? (Who knew Goldman had a therapist?) Why was her office broken into? Why were only the files on Goldman stolen (*National Examiner*)?

Who hired the car-thieving William Wasz to monitor Nicole Simpson six months before the hit?

3: The "Experts" — The Menlo Park, California engineering firm of Failure Analysis Associates (FAA) produced a

computer-animated reenactment of the Bundy killings. Roger McCarthy, chief executive officer of FAA, described the experiment as "state of the art," "sophisticated" — though he told reporters that the computer simulation was wholly based on the work of forensics experts and the choreography of actors. He boasted that the company exercised "complete artistic control" over the project. But there was no need for the trappings of high technology — filming the actors would have produced precisely the same results, and not cost the "hundreds of thousands of dollars" that McCarthy's firm shelled out for four minutes of highly impressive, if superfluous digitized animation (Armstrong).

FAA's credibility has been an issue since the company's computer simulation of the Kennedy assassination for Gerald Posner, whose *Case Closed* strained to remove the onus of CIA involvement, but is really one more study in disinformation, a rehash of evidence rejected even by the Warren Commission, larded with false quotations (Scott). But McCarthy arrived at an inescapable conclusion: "The victims were tortured before they died," he said. "There was a clear indication to deliver more than death" (Armstrong).

Another vaunted expert who testified for prosecutors in the Simpson case was Dr. Michael Baden, formerly head of the House Select Committee on Assassinations' forensics pathology panel. Baden's testimony before the committee in 1978 was highly deceptive, according to David Lifton in *Best Evidence*, a detailed examination of the John Kennedy autopsy by military doctors. Baden's conclusion, after analyzing the panel's medical reports, was that Kennedy had been struck by two shots from behind, supporting the Warren Commission's improbable findings. Baden's supporting evidence, Lifton discovered, had been "created" to agree with the Committee's predetermined judgment that Lee Harvey

Oswald shot John Kennedy.

Dr. Weir, another expert witness for the prosecution, began his testimony insisting that his statistical DNA analysis was unimpeachable. He was proven wrong upon cross-examination, despite his professorship in genetics at North Carolina State University, and 100 peer-review articles to his credit. Dr. Weir has long been an FBI consultant. In the courtroom, he never, ever testifies for the defense. His errors consistently favor the prosecution (Gard). These are, at the very least, grounds enough to strike Dr. Weir's testimony from the record.

In the end, Joe McGinniss will write the book. McGinniss prompted outrage in the courtroom when Ito honored the "journalist" with a front-row seat. McGinniss is the same confabulator whose *Fatal Vision* echoed the government's frame-up of Jeffrey MacDonald for the murder of his wife and two daughters (Constantine). The MacDonald case, too, involved drugs. As a doctor, MacDonald had treated addicts assigned to Fort Bragg, involved in a heroin network that imported China White from Vietnam. MacDonald himself was the target of the hit. He lived to be railroaded into prison by the U.S. Army. McGinniss's account protected the identities of Army and CIA officials linked to the scandal. No doubt, he will perform a similar function for the tormentors of O.J. Simpson.

The Faye Resnick book is also redolent with the politics of assassination. Michael Viner, president of Dove Books in Beverly Hills, publisher of the volume, was one of the bystanders at the Ambassador Hotel in 1968 who wrestled with Sirhan Sirhan for possession of the pistol gripped tightly in his hand. (Another was Rosy Grier, who visited Simpson in jail and testified on behalf of the prosecution.) Viner once resided in Washington, D.C., and worked

at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service (*LAT*, 6-3-95), the very epitome of the CIA's academic presence.

The passing connections to the Kennedy killings recur, and they are not the mark of Kismet.

The Combination that ambushed American history in 1963 survives to continue urging the country toward open fascist rule. Each murder along the way makes the going a little easier. Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman were claimed by an Octopus fattened at Auschwitz, which continues to destroy anyone who threatens its avaricious grasp on power and privilege.

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O.J. and Nicole, Hollywood, CA, July 20, 1980

Gary Leonard

This timely dossier contains exhaustively researched and heavily annotated new information on O.J. and Nicole Simpson's alleged ties to organized crime and drug dealing. Citing the earlier Catspaw murders as a blueprint for many aspects of the vicious attack on Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman, the author presents many under-reported and fascinating connections which will never allow the reader to view this case the same way again.

Alex Constantine's writings have appeared in a variety of publications including *Hustler*, *Z Magazine*, *Paranoia*, and *Prevailing Winds*. He is the author of *Blood, Carnage and the Agent Provocateur* (1993), and *Psychic Dictatorship in the U.S.A.* (1995) and has appeared weekly on KAZU-FM in Monterey since 1989.

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